

JANUARY 1936

PRICE 10 CENTS

Our Dumb Animals



SMALL ANIMAL SHELTER OF MASS. S. P. C. A., ATTLEBORO (See p. 9)

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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If preferred, Calendars will be supplied with a picture in black and white of a dog and a kitten. *Be Sure* to state which picture is desired. Otherwise the colored one will be sent.

Price, 20 cents per single copy, two for 35 cents; \$1.80 per dozen, postpaid to any address. **AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, Boston.**

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Nixon Waterman Says:

It was my good fortune, years ago, while wintering in Florida to associate intimately with two good friends of blessed memory, the loved poet and story-teller, John Townsend Trowbridge, and the eminent naturalist, John Burroughs, whom Elbert Hubbard, the East Aurora philosopher, also of blessed memory, loved to call "John o' the Birds." These two noble men, so congenial in their kindly attitude toward men and animals differed rather pointedly in their answers to the age-old question. "Do animals reason?" Trowbridge believed they could to a considerable degree. Burroughs thought they could not to any clearly appreciable extent. He was constrained to believe that what seemed to be the result of reasoning came from the training by humans or other animals or was discovered by accident rather than by initiative, inherent intuition of the animal, itself. I recall the air of quaint amusement with which Burroughs greeted Trowbridge's story of the Trowbridge house cat that on every Friday morning—and on Friday mornings only—would go to the street, a considerable distance from the house, and patiently await the coming of the fishman who never failed the reward the cat for its friendly interest. It was the "only-on-Friday-mornings" of the story that Mr. Burroughs would eliminate from the narrative and which Mr. Trowbridge—after long observation of the feline performance—was as insistent should remain in the story.

All the world is forced, betimes, to fear that the owner of loved pets (as well as the parents of extraordinarily precocious babes and children) attribute to their charges degrees of mental excellence which they do not possess. Parrots, dogs, cats, birds and other creatures are alleged to say and to do things which it is hard to believe. Yet, so many things of an unusual if not a supernatural nature do actually occur, it is a delicate task for one to pass upon the truth or falsity of occurrences out of the ordinary.

The new bound volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, containing all the numbers for 1935, with 192 attractive pages and approximately 150 pleasing illustrations, will soon be ready. Price only one dollar, to any address in the world.

Poster Contest for 1936

A scene of practical first aid to a dog that has been struck by a passing automobile is the design of the new medal of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, offered in the annual school prize poster contest, to be conducted along the lines of previous years. The 1936 medal, 1 1/4 inches in diameter by 1 1/2 inches in height, is finished in a handsome bronze. Medals, suspended by blue ribbons, will be awarded as first prizes, and medals with red ribbons as second. Subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* will be given for honorable mention. As usual, these prizes will be distributed freely throughout the various schools competing in the contest. Last year there were 6,096 posters submitted and 1,289 medals and 1,073 subscriptions awarded.

The conditions are as follows:—

1. The contest is open to public and parochial schools of grammar or high grade, in Massachusetts only, closes positively on April 1, 1936, results to be announced during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20—25. During that week many of the best of the posters will be on exhibition in the Fine Arts Department of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square.

2. No more than five posters may be submitted from any one room, and one only from each pupil, teachers to make the selection from all that are made under their direction.

3. Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, etc.), silhouette, water-colors or charcoal may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness.

4. **DRAWINGS, ON LIGHT CARD-BOARD OR HEAVY PAPER, MAY BE NOT LESS THAN 12 x 18 INCHES, NOR MORE THAN 18 x 24 INCHES,** and should be **SHIPPED FLAT (never rolled)**, all charges prepaid, to reach the **MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.** not later than April 1, 1936. It will be to the advantage of contestants to send posters as much earlier than this as possible.

5. In the upper right-hand corner, on the back of each poster, must be written legibly the contestant's name, **WITH FULL HOME ADDRESS**, also number of the grade, name and address of the school, and name of the teacher. Use white ink or paste a white slip with names and addresses when dark cardboard or paper is used.

6. All posters receiving awards become the property of the Society. Other posters will be returned *only* if request is made at time of sending and *return postage* enclosed, or arrangements made to call.

7. Address all posters plainly, Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Send for Price List

For a complete price list of all humane literature and Band of Mercy supplies sold by the American Humane Education Society, send your name and address to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., and it will be forwarded promptly.

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Made for the American Humane Education Society some years ago, but still in great demand.

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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts
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Vol. 69

January, 1936

No. 1

Next to war, hunting brings the greatest share of gun makers' money—\$300,000,000.

The record for 1933, last available for statistics: some 6,000,000 hunters paid for licenses nearly \$9,000,000. The licenses reported included 2,555,010 combined hunting and fishing permits.

We are told that the billion dollars our Government is spending this year on the Army and Navy for military preparedness represents a tax of \$8 per head on every man, woman and child in the country.

On World Day for Animals the Minister of Education at Athens, Greece, ordered lectures on kindness to animals to be delivered in every school throughout the country. "Time marches on" and with it the progress of our cause.

Is the European starling a nuisance? The U. S. Biological Survey says, as quoted in the Mass. Audubon Society *Bulletin*, the starling is one of the most effective enemies of the Japanese beetle which is such a pest of early ripening fruit, corn and truck crops.

All lovers of our wild fowl, the ducks and geese that have been so rapidly vanishing from our waters, will rejoice that the hunter can no longer bait these birds, or use live decoys to entice them into reach of his gun. There are hunters who are sportsmen and hunters who are killers.

The *Christian Science Monitor* wisely says: "As a nation, we become indignant at munition manufacturers and would halt the shipment of armaments to the warring nations in other parts of the world. Let us also become indignant at the shipment of toy armaments to the children of the nation. Let our arms embargoes begin at home."

Nineteen Thirty-six

AN Army with Banners! Unseen by any of us as these words are written, this army is marching silently toward each of us. It numbers only 365 days, but each of these, if we see the whole year's close, we must face with what it will bring us of joy and sorrow, health and sickness, success or failure, peace and plenty or want and worry. Yes, but here's the great, undeniable fact to cheer us—they can only come one at a time. How often courage fails because we see them all as upon us at once. Whatever each day brings, the next offers another chance. If the page of today is spoiled by mistake, the wrong word spoken, the wrong deed done, tomorrow comes with an unstained leaf. If unexpected sorrows come, so will unexpected pleasures. One day at a time. So let us meet the future. Heaven grant that the New Year, should we see it through, may find the world a little better because of us!

Congratulations to the Toronto Humane Society

THIS strong and active Canadian Society must have the credit of a new endeavor to stop a cruel practice too often associated with horse shows. This is, the gingering of horses. This consists of inserting into the horse's intestinal tract a caustic or irritant designed to cause the animal to assume a posture in the ring which some breeders consider stylish and likely to win approval of the judges.

The Toronto Society, at the horse show held there recently, convinced that this unwarranted practice was cruel, causing unnecessary suffering, notified the management of the show that it would prosecute anyone discovered guilty of the act. No little excitement was caused by this action. An offender, taken into court pleaded guilty. The attorney for the Society did not ask for a heavy fine, stating that the organization would be content with a mini-

mum, which was imposed.

Mr. Russell Locke, K. C., attorney for the Humane Society, said at the trial that it was decided many years ago in the High Courts of Great Britain that British law does not allow the treatment to which this man has pleaded guilty. It further appeared that the law of Ontario prohibits the use of any medicinal agents, such as ginger, etc., and provides for punishment by prosecution for any offense which comes to the attention of the public authorities, and the officers of the Humane Society are charged particularly with enforcing the law. According to the rules governing the Toronto Horse Show, Rule 23 reads: "All horses doctored or in any way improperly or unfairly prepared or tampered with before coming into show ring will be disqualified." Such a rule as that ought to prevail wherever in this or any other country horse shows are carried on.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will take every possible step to prevent this practice in the future here in this state, and urges every other similar Society in the country to join in the campaign until it is stopped.

A Serious Mistake

The *Boston Herald* recently published a picture of a hunter displaying a red-shouldered hawk he had shot. The writer of the article accompanying the picture announced that there was "no closed season on these birds." But "these birds" are protected.

In a letter to the *Herald*, Winthrop Packard, Secretary of the Audubon Society, says, with reference to the article, "Red-shouldered hawks are protected at all times by the laws of Massachusetts. The red-shouldered hawk is a help toward the preservation of our vanishing game and our songbirds in that it lives almost entirely on rats, mice, snakes, insects and such 'predators.'" Let us hope that this ignorance of the law as evidenced by the writer of the *Herald* article will not lead to further destruction of these birds.

Give the Animals a New Year Thought

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

HAPPY New Year! Fine, cheerful words they are. And what makes them finer still is the fact that they are uttered in various languages round the world. New Year's Day is our oldest and our most romantic popular festival and is recognized throughout the world as no other holiday is.

We have records of New Year festivals that go back to 3000 B. C. in ancient Babylon. They were called Zakmuk and, believe it or not, the people made resolutions then as now. They were, however, a bit more conscientious than some of us today. Their resolutions were only for a period of twelve days. After that if they kept them, well and good, but if not, why they had at least lived to their twelve-day resolve. So there was no moral stigma to breaking the resolution after this short period of nobler aspiration.

But while we are in the mood of resolving this and that for our own and for others' benefit for our longer period, the whole new year,—at least for that long,—why not add a resolution about being kinder to animals, and other tame and wild things, in 1936?

If we drive cars, a resolve to keep a more watchful eye and better-controlled car as respects the creatures of all kinds that are wont to cross our public highways would be in the spirit of a happier new year. I am sure that every resolver would feel better in his heart for having made sincerely such a resolution.

Then, whether we drive cars or not, it would be fine to resolve to seek more opportunities, and to rise to more opportunities, of being more humane to the humbler creatures of God's good earth.

How often we see little creatures in distress and yet put off the chance to end their misery mercifully, or to help them out of their hard ways. Let more of us resolve to be more merciful to the helpless in 1936 than we were in 1935 and to be prompter about it.

The well-known story about Robert Louis Stevenson the time he interfered with the owner of a dog who was abusing it will help all who make such a resolution to strive their best to keep it.

"It's not your dog," was the owner's sharp rebuke, coupled with physical threat at the famous Scot's apparent going beyond his rights.

"No, but it's God's dog," came the vigorous counter challenge with no fear of the physical threat in the gallant heart of the many-sided genius.

I never read Stevenson's "Child's Garden," which is the eternal telling to the world of the gentleness within him, but I think of that reply, "It's God's dog."

Here's hoping that many resolution makers this year will follow these suggestions, and by making and keeping a resolve or two about God's dogs, and cats, and wilder kin, help to add much new happiness on the old earth that hears everywhere *Happy New Year! Happy New Year!* from countless millions of human lips.

Lady in Church

MARY A. HURD

*I went to church to pray and sing,
But could not pray at all
Because a lady wore a fur,
'Twas strange a thing so small*

*Could so disturb me that I saw,
Instead of choir and priest,
A hunted brother of the woods—
A little, frightened beast.)*

*I could not eat the sacred bread,
I could not taste the wine.
For the tired eyes of a hunted fox
Were gazing into mine.*

*I went to church to find the Lord,
But found this truth instead:
Christ cannot break with those who kill,
The consecrated bread;*

*He cannot drink with those who maim,
The sacramental wine;
For all His friends love is the law
And kindness is the sign.*

*I could not touch the sacred bread,
I could not drink the wine.
For the tortured eyes of the Crucified
Were gazing into mine.*

Sears, Roebuck, a large mail-order and wild-life-conservation house, issued a printed warning to motorists to drive carefully and not run into birds. "Give our feathered friends a chance. With no real inconvenience to yourself, game and song birds can be frightened from the road by sounding your horn." The warning was inserted in each box of shotgun shells sold by the house.

Read Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry," mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, 75 cents. The Jack London Club is built on it. The present membership is 655,488, all pledged to do everything possible to stop the cruelty attendant upon trick animal stage performances. Will you join it? No dues. Write for full information to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



IN WINTER QUARTERS

Animals in Ethiopia

ELLA MCELLIGOTT

THOSE who have led caravans into Ethiopia, or who have had any contact with the people at all, tell us that the natives for the most part treat their animals considerably. In fact the children and animals live together in carefree companionship.

The little mud-walled cabins with grass roof usually consist of three rooms, and one of these is reserved for the smaller animals. Large animals are kept in a shelter called a thorn boma. They have to be securely locked up at night, as wild beasts prowl about and wound or kill any animal they can reach.

The Emperor, Haile Selassie, is very fond of dumb creatures, and a small playful dog is his constant companion. Cubs, small monkeys, and other pets keep the royal grounds full of excitement.

One sees a great variety of animals in Ethiopia. Mules and horses are plentiful, and do much of the work. Fine Arabian steeds, gaily decorated, carry the many chiefs about, and horses of humbler breed transport heavy loads of hides, firewood, and other materials along rocky trails.

When the roads are too dangerous, mules are used, as they are very sure-footed. Despite their size they have great endurance, and can carry large packs a great distance. In the rainy season it is often necessary for both horses and mules to ford streams, and this is one part of the journey that finds no favor with them.

Oxen are the mainstay of the Ethiopian householder. They pull the old fashioned forked-stick plow, and then when the grain is ripe they thresh it by treading upon it, just as was done in Biblical times. A variety of millet, called teff, is the principal crop. The women grind the flour at home in a rude stone mill, and make their bread in two large pancake-like loaves.

There is an abundant supply of the humpbacked variety of cattle in Ethiopia, and countless sheep graze on rich pasture lands. Animals must constantly be guarded, as the ever-watching hyena is ready to pounce upon a herd if someone is not al-

ways on the lookout.

In the southern part of Ethiopia camels are more common. Here water holes are scarce, and as camels can go without water for long periods, they are invaluable for lengthy journeys.

All the wild animals known to Africa are found in the forest and rocky hiding places, and their cries are heard at night.

Ethiopia is known as the naturalist's paradise, and those who expect to visit the land some day surely have something about which to dream and to look forward.



Copyright, 1935, by Universal Newsreel
HAILE SELASSIE, KING OF KINGS, EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA,
AND HIS DOG, THE ROYAL PET



International News Photo
EMPEROR HIROHITO OF JAPAN AND HIS
FAVORITE SADDLE HORSE, "SHIRAYUKI"

Winter Sunset

BEVERLEY GITHENS

*I heard the wind blow through the pines,
I saw their branches bend and sway,
I saw the sun sink low, and paint
The snowy slope in colors gay.*

*Beneath a pine a rabbit paused,
His head thrown back, his glance alert.
My gun beside me was forgot;
That helpless life I could not hurt.*

*A bird flew low, a streak of black
In bold relief against the white;
The day was fading fast, the world
Was resting in the arms of night.*

*Gone was my passion for the chase.
I bowed before the age-old law,
"Live, and let live." In this calm place,
Amid the pines, I knelt in awe.*

Camels' Feet

Camels are being used by the Ethiopian army in Africa for transportation of supplies, according to the *Boston Globe*. The camel is especially adapted for desert travel. Its feet consist of two elongated toes, each tipped with a small, nail-like hoof. The weight of the animal does not rest upon the hooves, but upon an elastic pad under the toes.

Begin now to prepare for Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals week this year. The dates selected are: Humane Sunday, April 19; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20-25, 1936. Friday, April 17, will be observed as Humane Day in Schools in Boston because of the school vacation the following week.

Robert Burns—Champion of Animals

ARTHUR HEDLEY

IT is not surprising that Robert Burns attained universal and immortal fame through his poetry. He was so intensely human, so kind and tender to the weak and oppressed, and so ready to champion the cause of dumb creation when wronged by man. Some of his finest poems were inspired by his love for animals, and possibly no other poet has entered so deeply into their feelings, and expressed so tenderly and beautifully, the love which exists between man and the lower creation. The sight of cruelty to dumb animals filled his soul with righteous indignation, and some of his animal poems, written when his heart was hot with wrath, must have filled many a guilty reader with feelings of shame and remorse.

Burns had a favorite dog called "Luath" which was his boon companion. It was killed by the wanton cruelty of some person. He said he would like to confer immortality on his old friend, and in an inspired moment he wrote one of his greatest poems, "The Twa Dogs." The other dog, "Caesar," was merely the creature of the poet's imagination: created for the purpose of holding a chat with his favorite dog. Between "The Twa Dogs" "there began a lang digression, about the lords o' the creation." They discuss the advantages and disadvantages of wealth and poverty, and Caesar, the laird's dog, arrives at the conclusion that invariably the poor cottager is a nobler and more contented person than the class to whom he belongs. After a long conversation, so full of homely truth and wisdom, they find the day is drawing to a close and thinking it is time to get away home,

*"Up they gat, an' shook their lugs
Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs:
An' each took aff his several way
Resolved to meet some ither day."*

On one occasion, when sowing some grass seeds in the early morning, Burns heard a shot fired on a neighboring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare ran past him, sorely crippled. In writing to his friend, Alex Cunningham, of this incident, he said, "You may guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season when all have young ones. Indeed there is something in this business of destroying, for our sport, individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue." While his soul was yet fired with wrath he wrote a very human poem, "The Wounded Hare."

*Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh
And never pleasure glad thy cruel heart."*

In tender and beautiful language he pictures the poor mangled creature seeking a dying bed among the sheltering rushes; or maybe, she has managed to reach her home and offspring before expiring.

*"Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side
Ah! helpless nurslings who can now provide*

That life a mother only can bestow.

*Oft as by winding Nith, I musing wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn
And curse the ruffian's arm and mourn thy hapless fate."*

Scotland's immortal bard was fond of selecting the lower animals as subjects for his muse. One of his finest poems is that written "To a Mouse." This poem seems to have issued perfect from the mint of the author's mind when as a ploughman, he stopped the ploughshare's further progress on observing the tiny creature escape across the rig. It touches the imagination and moves us with feelings of tenderness and pity as we see the little animal robbed of its home and fearing the hand that has disturbed its rest.

*"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sue hasty
Wi' bickering (speedy) brattle (scampered)
I would be laith to rin and chaise thee,
Wi' murderin' pattle (hand-stick)."*

The poet is full of deep remorse at the thought that he has destroyed its nest and compelled it to face the bleak December's wind. He reflects on the labor and care exercised in building the nest.

*"That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Hast cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's rue'd out for a' thy trouble
But (without) house or hald
To thole (suffer) the winter's sleety drib-
ble
An' craureuch (hoar frost) could."*

In the poet's moral reflections arising from this little incident there is a deep melancholy, a sentiment of doubt and dread that rises to the sublime.

*"But mousie thou are no thy lave
In proving foresight may be vain
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley
An' leave us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy!"*

One of the most human of Burns' animal poems is "The Auld Farmer's New Year Salutation to his auld mare Maggie." Professor Wilson, in his famous essay on Burns, declares that to his knowledge the recital of this poem has brought tears of pleasure to the eyes, and humanized the heart of a Gilmerton carter.

*"A Guid New Year I wish thee Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp (handful) to thy auld
baggie (stomach)
Thou' thous' howe-backit (hollow-backed)
now
And knaggie (bony)
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like any staggie (colt)
Out-owre the lay (lea)."*

The auld farmer associates his faithful mare with all the varied experiences of his life; with his happy bridal day and days of labor, want and sorrow. Yet, as they come to the end of the road together all their needs have been supplied. He promises auld Maggie an easy old age for all her fidelity.

*"Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'd (spare) rig
Where, ye may noble rax (stretch) your
leather
Wi' small fatigue."*

Through such poems Scotland's immortal bard did much to humanize the relationships of life and to make life sweeter and easier for God's dumb creation.

The Kookaburra—Living Wonder

EWEN K. PATTERSON

THE kookaburra of Australia ranks among the living wonders of the world, and is by far the most popular member of Australia's great feathered tribe. This remarkable bird, which is found nowhere else in the world in a wild state, is also known as the "Laughing Jackass" because of its laughing-song, by means of which it has won its way into the hearts not only of Australians but of millions of people all over the world. Even though the majority of people outside Australia have never seen the bird, they are familiar with its laughing-song because it is now used to introduce all overseas wireless broadcasts made from Australia. The song is also used as an introduction to all motion pictures dealing with Australia. No other bird in the world has been honored in a similar manner.

In connection with the song used in radio broadcasts an interesting story has reached Australia from a resident, Mr. G. Ariss of Baltimore (U. S. A.). Writing to the wireless authorities in Australia, Mr. Ariss mentioned that when he tuned in to Australia the laughing-song of the kookaburra turned his bulldog into a very angry mood. "The dog flew at the speaker," wrote Mr. Ariss, "and if I had not been present he would have torn the speaker to pieces."

Although the kookaburra does not actually laugh in the full meaning of the word, the bird's medley of gurgling chuckles and other notes is almost human, and is near enough to laughter to be called such.

One of the most remarkable sights that can be witnessed in the bird world is that of young kookaburras receiving lessons in laughing from their parents. Perched on a branch of a tree, the parents together make the bush ring with their laughter. Then they are silent while the young ones try to imitate their parents' merry notes. They produce all sorts of hoarse, croaky noises. But the parents give them every encouragement, and the lessons are continued day after day until the young ones are as good at laughing as are their parents.

The kookaburra is about the size of a crow, and it is of a rich chestnut-brown and brownish-white color, while its wings are slightly chequered with light blue. It is closely protected in Australia, for it has a wonderful reputation as a snake and rat killer. The bird has an immensely strong beak, and takes a heavy toll of snakes, rats, lizards, insects and their larvae, and other pests.

The kookaburra's method of killing snakes is truly remarkable. When it has caught a snake the bird flies high into the air with the reptile in its beak and then drops it to the ground. By repeating this two or three times the snake is killed, and then the bird eats it. The kookaburra devours its prey whole—skin, bones, and all. But only the flesh is digested. All bones, etc., are rolled into tiny pellets inside the bird's stomach, and by a wonderful provision of nature these pellets are vomited up.

When seeking food the kookaburra presents a fine picture; it perches on a fence,



AUSTRALIAN KOOKABURRA

tree branch, or tree stump (as shown in the accompanying photograph), and keeps a wary eye on the ground all about. It has extraordinary eyesight, for as soon as an insect or some other tiny creature moves the kookaburra swoops down with a rush and rarely misses its victim. When the bird finds a good feeding spot it stays there, sometimes for weeks. It is very companionable and is quick to chum up with workers or travelers in the bush. On farms the birds will often perch on the shoulders of farmers at work, and from that vantage point they keep a close watch for any insects or reptiles disturbed by the farmers.

The kookaburra nests between September and January. The nest is usually built in a hole in a tree or a hollow limb about twenty feet above the ground. The female lays from two to four perfectly round and pure-white eggs.

Calendar from Holland

Our Dumb Friends Calendar for 1936, beautifully illustrated and with humane selections on each of the twenty-six leaves, comes to us from the publisher, J. Philip Kruseman, The Hague. A large photograph of deer adorns the cover. Other photographs include dogs, cats, birds, horses and various wild animals. The days of the week are given both in Dutch and in English, while the quotations, including several appealing verses, are in both languages. Altogether this is one of the handsomest humane calendars we have seen. The price, postpaid, is \$1.75 in the United States, and 7 shillings in England.

The Misunderstood Eagle

BRUCE JENNINGS

WHEN the American pioneers first drove their slow-moving oxen across the plains, it was not uncommon for them to see an eagle perched upon some rocky crag or soaring in flight far over their heads. The sight perhaps cheered them in their arduous enterprise, for the eagle had become symbolical in this country of the nobler virtues to which men aspire and of the larger freedom which their fathers had won for them.

A century has passed, and the pioneers have long since driven their last ox-cart into the face of the setting sun, and with time and the pioneers has also gone the eagle. A nation has allowed the living representative of the national emblem to become so nearly extinct that the average American will never see the bird which is shown upon the national seal except in some museum. The little band of survivors each year becomes fewer in numbers.

The near extinction of the eagle is the consequence not so much of public indifference as of misrepresentation and deliberate persecution. The fantastic and incredible stories related of the eagle are legend. No other animal or bird, perhaps, has been so villified by the story-teller. Many have actually been led to believe that the eagle is capable of attacking and carrying off living animals and even human beings and devouring them upon some lofty crag.

Such stories are almost entirely lacking in truth. The eagle when full grown weighs from eight to ten pounds. The enormous wing spread of several feet gives the bird his large appearance and accounts for some of the stories of his prodigious strength; yet as a matter of fact the eagle is incapable of carrying off more than his own weight.

Two species of eagle remain in the United States. The golden eagle is sometimes guilty of forays against small fowl and animals. The bald eagle, which is the national bird, is entirely inoffensive in his habits. Because of the great similarity in the appearance of the two species, however, the bald eagle has often been accused of the sins of the golden eagle, and, being the less wary of the two, has suffered by far the most for the unsavory reputation of his brother bird.

By nature the bald eagle is neither wary nor cunning. His chief characteristic is a sublime indifference which has made him a comparatively easy prey for those who have listened to and believed the many foolish stories concerning him and have warred upon him as an enemy of mankind. It is not yet too late to make amends to the eagle for this misrepresentation of his true character.

But if the eagle is to be saved from extinction, immediate steps must be taken to afford him protection. Today, of the larger birds native to America, the bald eagle, emblematic of liberty, is the only one which is unprotected by law in many of the states. Legislation is now the only means by which the eagle can be secured from the malice of those who desire his blood.

Wild Bird Drama

RAYMOND S. DECK

Formerly assistant curator, dept. of natural sciences, the Brooklyn Museum, expedition ornithologist, American Museum of Natural History, etc.

Photograph by the Author

FOR weeks I had heard the rich minstrelsy of a catbird rising from a dell of mountain laurel near the house. Many times I had seen the singer, just after dawn and in late evening, perched in a



THE CATBIRD IN THE MOUNTAIN LAUREL

shrub which overhung the lake. Sometimes his song was loud and clear, sometimes whispered in an undertone, but always it was heartening to listen to.

Things were happening fast among the wild creatures on my Connecticut retreat then, just as they always do in New England's May and June. Big, shadowy bass were guarding their teeming broods along the lake shore; a pair of wild wood ducks had nested in a lightning-riven tree top. There was so much to draw my interest that I never peered into the Catbird's little thicket until summer had come of age. It took but a moment to locate the nest, fairly lighted with blooming mountain laurel. The sight was such a pretty one that I set up a camera in a light blind nearby and sat down, to take some pictures of the birds at home. My neighbors of the laurel copse were very shy. A long time elapsed before they began to feed their three fledglings in a normal way, and do the other chores of catbird home life. The female seemed the shyer of the parents. Even when her mate had grown reconciled to the camera's big glass eye glaring from a cambric tent, she sulked in the bushes. To each furtive trip she made to the nest with a skimpy insect or two, the father would come half a dozen times, his bill dripping with fat caterpillars or blueberries.

It all happened very suddenly. The mother had just fed the young and I had snapped my only picture of her as she paused for a moment to survey her brood. Now she was sitting calmly on a branch

three feet above the nest. Suddenly there was a scream like that of a diminutive hawk. The mother shot like a falcon from her perch to the nest, seized one of the nestlings by the wing and fell with it to ground. There she lay panting, wings spread, head tucked under her as though to shut out sight of the doom she expected. The fledgling—not a week old; not half ready to leave the nest—lay blinking at the sun, quite too weak to hop away. So complete was the trance-like state of the mother bird that though I jumped from the blind in some excitement, carrying the camera from its tripod, she lay unmoving, hoping in her simple, instinctive way that I would come for her while the fledgling escaped. Before I could bring the mother and young bird into sharp focus on the ground glass, the father came hopping out of the shrubbery. Obviously dismayed at the queer state of affairs, he cocked his head first at the youngster, then at the mother. Then with a disgruntled air which seemed to say "Cut out this foolishness right now," he hopped over and thwacked the mother soundly with his bill. In a flash the little drama was ended. A bit foolishly the mother flew off. I placed the young bird back in the nest, placed the shielding branches back in place over the catbird home, and took blind and camera up to the house. Instinct tells wild birds and animals to take their young away from the nest when it is discovered. That is why I secured only one picture of a porch-side catbird home.

The Rhinoceros Bird

A curious companionship is that between the rhinoceros and his feathered satellite, the rhinoceros-bird (*Buphaga erythrorhyncha*), writes John Lea, M. A., in "The Romance of Bird Life." The rhinoceros-bird is a little fellow about the size of our English blackbird, with a grayish-brown back, a yellowish waistcoat, golden eyelids, and a light red beak. It is found over almost the whole of Central Africa and as far south as Natal, and is usually seen in little flocks of six to eight birds following about the country some of the larger kinds of animals—often, as its name suggests, the rhinoceros, but not infrequently elephants or herds of cattle, or even giraffes. The birds may constantly be seen perching on the back of one of their strange comrades, who appears not to pay the slightest attention to them. As a matter of fact, he is no doubt very pleased to receive such visitors, on account of the good services they render him, for, from his point of view, it is their business to deliver him from the discomfort occasioned by bots or ticks, which he would find it extremely difficult or perhaps impossible to get rid of were it not for the assistance of his little friends.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1936

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

A New Peril

THE San Francisco Society tells us in its magazine of a man discovered by the Sacramento S.P.C.A. who had charged with electricity a pond on his property that he might destroy any cat or dog that troubled him should it come in contact with the pond. A little eight-year-old girl venturing into the water was electrocuted. The man was arrested, charged with manslaughter. The trial had not taken place at the time of writing. The City Court is now drafting an ordinance prohibiting any such dangerous trap.

The Deadly Oil

From a New Haven, Conn., dispatch of the Associated Press comes the following sad story:

Crude oil, believed to have escaped from an oil tanker which sank off the middle breakwater recently, was held responsible today for making the New Haven harbor a death trap for thousands of wild ducks.

The birds, flocking in from the open waters of Long Island Sound following the close of the duck hunting season last Tuesday, have been rendered helpless by the oil which has matted their feathers.

Sportsmen and shore residents have begun to rescue scores of the waterfowl along shore. The birds have been washed up in a starving condition, their oil-soaked feathers making it impossible for them to fly or to dive and secure food.

This oil, we are glad to say, was not deliberately discharged into the water but came to the surface from a sunken tanker.

Orange City, Florida, has been declared a game and bird sanctuary. All the property within the city's limit is protected against all forms of shooting or destroying game or birds. Many squirrels and birds have been fed and tamed by the citizens and much interest awakened in animal life.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Fire on the Farm

AN excellent article entitled "EXPECT A FIRE?" appeared recently in a New York paper written by one of our field workers. Its purpose was to suggest to the farmer ways by which his buildings and livestock might be saved from fire and what to do if a fire should occur. We quote a few sentences:

We are thinking of barn fires. What shall we do about them? This question we must ask ourselves with desperate earnestness. In good barns, on good farms, awful things have happened. Whose turn will come next? What can be done to prevent a barn fire?

NO SMOKING IN BARN OR BARNYARD!

This sign posted up conspicuously, and faithfully lived up to by everybody, from the master of the farm down, will cut down the fire risk immensely.

The feed alleys should be kept clear of all litter of hay, straw, shavings or any other inflammable material. This in itself would cut out 50 per cent of barn fires.

Two buckets of water, never emptied, always kept full, should always be hung inside the stable, ready for instant use. This would stop many a fire in the first few minutes.

But what if the fire starts? How can the helpless live creatures imprisoned within, be rescued? All other losses are as nothing compared to their agony.

Every farm house is a fire department. Every person in it, old enough to help, should have a definite plan for the rescue of all the stock in case of fire, and should practice that plan over and over so as to carry it out with the greatest speed and efficiency.

How quickly could we clear the barn? Is there more than one door? There should be.

A very sharp knife always in its place by the kitchen door will be useful, in case of actual fire, to cut halters when there may be no time to untie knots. Does every member of the family know how to quickly unfasten the stanchions and release the cows? Not merely know how, but be automatically familiar with operating them?

A Cruel Process

Pate de fois gras is the French name of a table delicacy made from the livers of geese. It is regarded in high favor by the epicure, but what is not commonly known about it is the cruel treatment to which the geese are subjected in the preparation of this food. The bird is closely confined, it is said, fastened to some sort of platform and stuffed with food until, having no exercise, a fatty enlargement of the liver takes place. When this treatment has been carried to the extreme limit the bird is destroyed and the abnormally fat liver prepared for the market. So is this unfortunate creature subjected to this wholly unnecessary suffering to secure this so-called luxury for the gourmand's table.

Be kind to animals three hundred and sixty-six days in 1936.

Mark Twain the Hunter?

THE anniversary of the birth of America's much loved and honored Mark Twain a hundred years ago, November 30, 1935, was widely celebrated. What did he think about animals? This is what he puts into the mouth of Huckleberry Finn: "The moment Tom begun to talk about birds I judged he was a goner, because Jim knowed more about birds than both of us put together. You see, he had killed hundreds and hundreds of them, and that's the way to find out about birds. That's the way that people does that writes books about birds, and loves them so that they'll go hungry and tired and take any amount of trouble to find a new bird and kill it. Their name is ornithologers, and I could a been an ornithologer myself, because I always loved birds and creatures—and I started out to learn how to be one and I see a bird sitting on a dead limb of a tree, singing, with his head tilted back and his mouth open, and before I thought I fired, and his song stopped, and he fell straight down from the limb, all limp like a rag, and I run and picked him up, and he was dead, and his body was warm in my hand, and his head rolled about, this way and that, like his neck was broken, and there was a white skin over his eyes, and one little drop of blood on the side of his head, and laws! I couldn't see nothing more for the tears; and I hain't ever murdered no creature since that warn't doing me no harm, and I ain't going to."

How the Robin Gets His Worm

As observed by J. M. Brennan in General Grant National Park and recorded in *The Western Tanager*, organ of the Los Angeles Audubon Society.

Now, if you bird-lovers will observe the robin in the act of locating his worm, you will notice during the time he makes his run the entire body is thoroughly relaxed, the head is dropped back within the shoulders, and the feathers are all loose. He suddenly stops, and now he becomes all attention—rigid, taut, his head erect, all feathers flat, stiffened legs and tail always touching, as do both his limbs, the ground. Now, my theory is that while the Red Breast is standing thus his faculty of feeling and not of hearing is brought into full and complete play. Observer, please note his head is raised from the ground and not lowered as would be natural if he was making use of hearing the earth movements of the worm beneath his feet.

The position he takes gives strength to my theory that the worm is located by "Bone Induction," induced by earth vibrations caused by the moving worm. The robin drills, and, like the Canadian Mounty, rarely fails to get his man.

A humane boycott of all vicious and discreditable shows, featuring animal acts, was long ago suggested and urged by the Jack London Club. Send to headquarters, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for detailed information about it.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1865

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MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers..	11,670
Cases investigated	443
Animals examined	8,210
Animals placed in homes	126
Lost animals restored to owners....	47
Number of prosecutions.....	2
Number of convictions	2
Horses taken from work.....	17
Horses humanely put to sleep	37
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,389
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected.....	68,885
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely	
put to sleep.....	18

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Florence B. Pet-tee of Newton and Editha C. Bagnall of Springfield.

December 10, 1935.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

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G. B. SCHNELE, V.M.D.

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Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	909	Cases	2,532
Dogs	660	Dogs	2,047
Cats	240	Cats	452
Birds	5	Birds	22
Monkeys	2	Horses	6
Horse	1	Squirrels	2
Rabbit	1	Rabbit	1
		Monkey	1
		Mouse	1

Operations 991

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 134,392

Dispensary Cases 322,263

Total 456,655

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital 136

Cases entered in Dispensary 399

Operations 191

American Film Institute

THE American Council on Education, 744 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., has in view the establishment of the American Film Institute. To this end an exhaustive study of the situation has been made, conferences have been held, and elaborate questionnaires sent out. A survey of all educational motion pictures is being made jointly by the U. S. Office of Education and the Council. More than 10,000 film catalogue cards have been mailed to 1,800 sources of films in this country. It is ardently hoped that all who are producing or distributing educational films will co-operate to the fullest extent. This applies to all Humane Societies which have films that are available and suitable for general exhibition. All interested in additional particulars should write to the Council at the address in Washington given above.

A Boston psychologist says man is the only creature that makes plans for the future. On the other hand, beavers, squirrels and honey-bees may not use much imagination, but their plans work out a lot better than most of ours do.

—Kansas City Star

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Boston, when making your will.

Another Animal Shelter

A SHELTER for small animals was established by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Attleboro, November 14. The formal opening marked the presence of over a hundred guests, including officials of the Society at Boston, local patronesses and other interested visitors. Following an inspection of the spacious residence in which modern facilities and accommodations for the care of stray and unwanted animals have been provided, a tea and luncheon were served.

The new shelter will be in charge of Charles E. Brown, recently appointed Humane Officer of the Society for Bristol County. In a brief address to the gathering President Rowley expressed his gratitude to the Bristol County public and press for their co-operation and his gratification at securing the services of Mr. Brown as local representative and officer. He said the purpose of the Attleboro headquarters was twofold; first, to have a place to which all complaints as to any form of cruelty or neglect might come for investigation, and, secondly, to provide a place to care for all unwanted and abandoned animals, finding homes for such whenever possible, or mercifully disposing of the others.

Similar shelters are now maintained by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Pittsfield, Springfield, Methuen, Hyannis and the Taunton Branch of the Society.

His Infinite Variety

The cat is said to have more sounds and tonal variations in his language than any other animal. With these twenty or more inflections he can express welcome, inquiry, impatience, threat, anger, cajolery, and a dozen additional emotions and moods. He has a sense of humor. His independence is sublime. He will not obey unless he wants to. He will pretend to be stupid and to have no idea in the world what you desire of him. He can be haughty and cool. But make a friend of him and he will give you warmth and affection. Take him away from his home and his loved ones, and he will suffer a misery more acute than that of a dog similarly deprived of his customary surroundings. He may die of homesickness.

So beautifully and distinctly his own are the characteristics of the cat that it is astonishing to learn of one feline who is trailing through the woods and fields under the impression that he is a dog.

"Hap" was born nine months ago on an isolated farm in Connecticut. Never in his life has he looked upon a cat, for his mother disappeared before he opened his eyes. There were only two dogs, a terrier and a spaniel, in his household, and they have been his constant companions ever since.

Hap's mistress swears that he tries earnestly to bark instead of to mew and is taken aback and vaguely alarmed to hear himself purring. He comes running at a whistle, like a dog, and climbing trees is his only catlike habit. Conscious that this is a feat which neither of his cronies, the dogs, can perform, he basks in a glow of superiority.

—Living Tissue



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1935

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 969
Number of addresses made, 573
Number of persons in audiences, 72,515

Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill it in and mail it now.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address

The Flight of Bees

AN unladen honey-bee can fly about 25 miles per hour, according to reliable authorities, but seldom makes over 15 miles when heavily loaded. When carrying a wad of nectar and pollen it often flies as fast as when it has no load, but at times it stops to rest when on a long trip. I have often observed bees doing this when coming in well loaded. Where they fly over rivers, lakes or larger bodies of water, they sometimes become exhausted and are forced to alight in the water only to be overcome and drowned.

A heavy-laden bee often makes an awkward landing in reaching its home. It may bump into its hive from being tired or fall to the ground near it and rest awhile before completing the journey. The amount of nectar each bee brings to the hive may vary in weight but has been computed at different times to be very nearly one-half of the bee's weight when without its load. Of course, the age of the bee has a great deal to do with its ability to accomplish these tasks. The old and badly worn bees are usually lost on their last trip for supplies, never reaching their home again after their last flight.

An honest to goodness beekeeper never injures or kills a bee needlessly. We all should appreciate this wonderful, marvelous gift of the Creator; care for it, and aid it in its labors in all ways possible.

WILLIAM E. OREM, in *Beekeepers Item*

Death of Miss Olney

Miss Elizabeth W. Olney, executive director of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, Providence, died in that city November 12 last. Miss Olney was an outstanding humane education worker, having been connected with the Rhode Island Society since its founding by Miss Sarah J. Eddy in 1904. Thousands of school children in that state have listened to Miss Olney's inspiring talks on kindness to animals. She organized the Rhode Island branch of the Band of Mercy, and increased the scope of the work by forming Junior Humane Leagues and conducting conferences of delegates from the various units which were held in her office. She will be recalled as the efficient hostess of the 1917 National Humane Convention which was held in Providence. Not only did Miss Olney attend to the office work of her organization, and speak frequently in the schools, but she was responsible for raising much of the money required to carry on the work. She will be greatly missed both in the Society with which she was so closely identified and in the wider councils of humane workers throughout the country.

Mrs. Edwin O. Lewis

Just as we go to press word comes of the death, in Philadelphia, of Mrs. Edwin O. Lewis, late president of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. The funeral was held December 10 last. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the Society in the loss of their leader.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for October, 1935 — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	42.1	
Forage for same		\$ 69.55
Daily average dogs	7.4	
Forage for same		7.58
Put to sleep	45	20.31
Transportation		20.83
Wages, grooms, etc.		56.03
Resident secretary's salary		131.84
Superintendent's salary		82.40
Veterinary's salary		29.66
Sundries		33.87
Building upkeep		45.29

\$497.36

Entries: 9 horses, 11 mules, 88 donkeys.
Exits: 4 horses, 8 mules, 48 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 51 horses, 64 mules, 91 donkeys, 2 cows, 9 dogs, 2 cats.

Report of one or two days' work:

October 16th: From 8 A. M. to 9:30 inspected Fes Jedid and Bou Kh'sissat (Mellah) and straw market of Bab Jiaf. Inspected 7 fondouks, 210 animals, treated 51. At Fondouk usual work of treating animals. (Hard work, as "outpatients" are numerous.) P. M. Inspected 17 fondouks, 350 animals, treated 76, hospitalized one donkey and one mule.

October 17th: From 7:30 A. M. to 10. Inspected Souk el Khemis. Staved one quarter hour at Bab Mahrouk. Inspected 580 animals, treated 62, hospitalized three donkeys. Returning to the Fondouk through Place Baghdad, Boujeloud Garden and Bou Touil. The Policeman of Bab Guissa sent in a donkey to be hospitalized.

P. M. From 2:30 to 5, visited the Talaa, and the souks Attarine. Inspected 2 stables, one of Bel Haj and one at El Aoin. Returned through the new quarter of Bou Hajjara and stayed half an hour at Bab Jedid. Inspected some animals. Hospitalized two lame donkeys.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: Kilometres traveled, 177; Cases investigated, 386; Animals seen, 8,315; Animals treated, 1,841; Animals transferred to Fondouk American, 43; Pack-saddles—infected—destroyed, 11.

SECRETARY GENERAL'S NOTES:

I send you enclosed a clipping of *Courrier du Maroc* of October 22nd, with translation:

"Scandalous Brutalities."

"An inquiry has been made and sent to the Court against a Frenchman Maumecian Jacques, living Rue du Ravin, for having ill-treated and wounded a domestic animal."

I am happy to inform you that we have at Fes a Magistrate of the Tribunal de lere Instance—a great lover of animals, who—I have been told at the Commissariat—is particularly severe for the men accused of having ill-treated their animals.

The Steel Trap Barbarity

Few people need to be told that the steel trap is an instrument of torture—much less those persons who, with a dog beside them, roam the woods in the crisp Autumn days. As if it were not enough that fur-bearers should be caught between the cruel jaws and left to die of hunger, thirst, or gangrened paws, there is the sad chapter of pets being caught in them. We remember the case of the beautiful collie belonging to Mr. C. W. Wakeman of Westport, Conn., which actually survived after over eight weeks of agony in a steel trap. Weighing sixty pounds at first, Goldie weighed fifteen pounds after fifty-five days of suffering. And there was the hound of Dr. M. Casper, Louisville, Ky., which got into a steel trap twice, eventually, after lying in it eight days, breaking the chain and dragging herself and the trap home. "She was nothing but skin and bones, and finally lost the second foot."

Unprejudiced persons will agree that the use of the steel trap is the most brutal barbarity in history; that it is not at all necessary; that it is still condoned over a large part of the world—a world which wishes to do away with the war, and yet has not the moral courage to abolish what in its essence is the seed of war, i.e., cruelty.

—The Atlantic Monthly

Humane Lumberjacks

EDWARD J. TUCKER

THE following account of the humane-ness of a camp of Northern Ontario lumberjacks is a realistic and touching story of rough simple men in open hostility to the efforts of a wealthy and influential tourist to capture a young buck deer.

While "hunters" are busy buying shooting licenses and cleaning their guns in readiness for the "sport" which entails the cruel and ruthless extermination of harmless and defenseless deer and birds, the timbermen of W. H. Milne's lumber camp, Mileage 50, on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway are seeking to protect a wild stag against them.

Some months ago a timid three-year-old buck deer was seen around Mileage 50 Camp. Perhaps he sought to escape the ravages of the wolves. In any case, though very frightened at first, the deer found sympathy in the hearts of the rough lumbermen. They fed the timid animal. Gradually, through kindness, the deer became more and more friendly. Soon he was a regular visitor at Mileage 50, allowing the men to stroke and lead him about. The lumbermen named the buck deer "Bum," because he is a confirmed beggar and sponger, with a particular failing for the cook-house.

Obviously Bum has learned to trust the humans who have fed him and taught him not to be afraid. And now, with the hunting season coming on, the lumbermen of Mileage 50 are anxious for the safety of their pet, for Bum has come to believe that all men are his friends. He hasn't learned to distinguish between friend and enemy. He's lost that quick nervousness and no longer paws the ground and shakes his antlers when he scents man. Thus Bum has, in a sense, been robbed of his defense against the ruthless hunter. And—as friendly and innocent of the smallest offense as Bum is—the law is on the side of the hunter. It is legal for the licensed hunter to kill Bum—for a hunting license covers a multitude of sins.

Herein lies the heart of this story of Bum and the lumberjacks. The lumbermen of Mileage 50 now realize they must protect Bum against his own trusting friendliness. Their sense of responsibility towards the young buck was severely tried a few weeks ago.

Campers and tourists about the district have come to know about the young buck and the lumberjacks of Mileage 50. One tourist in particular had an idea—and secured permission to carry out his plan.

One day Overseer Bill St. Pierre, of the Ontario Department of Game and Fisheries, paid a surprise visit to Mileage 50. He said he came with authority. He asked disturbing questions. They were about Bum. What Bill St. Pierre had to say spread like wildfire around the little community of men. The Overseer told of a millionaire in Toronto who'd heard about the three-year-old pet deer. The millionaire wanted the animal to exhibit in his private zoo. He had secured the necessary permission and Bill St. Pierre had been detailed to get in touch with Bum's friends, the lumberjacks. It would save the millionaire much trouble

if the lumbermen would help tie and crate Bum for shipment. The millionaire thought they would be glad to do it—for a consideration. He was counting on the co-operation of the lumbermen. He didn't know these men. The lumberjacks listened stolidly to what Bill St. Pierre had to say. Not a word could he get out of them. Taking their silence for acquiescence, the Overseer forthwith sought Bum about the camp. But Bum was nowhere to be found—and the men disclaimed any knowledge as to his whereabouts. Then, in answer to a straight question as to whether or not they would help the millionaire locate Bum for his small private prison, the camp foreman, speaking for his men gave a loud and stern, "No!"

Bill St. Pierre, being a lover of animals and kindly enough at heart, understood. He understood that the rough jacks had become attached to their woodland friend. They didn't want to see him taken away in a freight car to Toronto, there to be placed on display, confined in close, unhealthy and unnatural quarters; to be tormented by thoughtless spectators. In short, they refused to part with Bum.

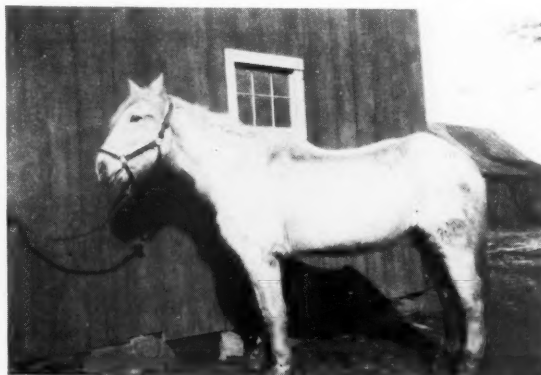
Knowing all this, Bill St. Pierre didn't press his case. Bum to all intents and purposes wasn't there; the lumberjacks emphatically refused to aid in finding him; Bill had done his duty—and that was that.

Perhaps Bum was in good hands behind the cook-house during these negotiations. In any case, he wasn't far from camp—and the lumbermen of Mileage 50 are more determined than ever to protect him from the licensed murderers from the city.

Thirty-eight Years Old

H. A. WIEDEMEIER

"The old gray mare ain't what she used to be." But she still gets around at the ripe old age of 38 years. "Daisy" was born and raised on a farm and has had the care of an ordinary farm horse with five or six ears of corn a day. She never had her teeth dressed until she was past 30. She worked around the farm until she was 35 years old. Daisy has never had any medicine nor ringbone nor spavin nor curb. She is sound and able to get about, her eyes and hearing being good. She was an iron gray but is now snow white. She is happily retired and will spend the balance of her days in comfort.



"DAISY" AT THIRTY-EIGHT

Don't Pull a Horse

L. E. EUBANKS

AT a recent county fair in Michigan, a world's record for horses' pulling power was established by "Tom" and "Rock," a team of Belgian geldings owned by Russel Sandro of Ohio.

If you see the picture of this performance, be sure to observe how the driver is holding the lines; a line is in each hand and *slack*. No whip nor other evidence of force is present.

I well remember when teamsters used to believe that horses always pulled more effectively when the driver pulled back on them, and applied the lash. Doubtless many still think so, but they are wrong. Just two things made Tom and Rock do their best on that test—proper training up to that time, and, in the specific effort, kind, encouraging talk.

When a dumb animal, or a person, is doing his supreme best, it does not take much to confuse him. We pull on the lines a little to *back* a horse, and there is no logic in doing the same thing to make him go forward. If the bit is severe, or the animal very tender-mouthed, there is bound to be restraint.

With all animals, the horse pre-eminent, words constitute the great control—encouragement in kindly tones. I saw an employee jerk and pull at the head of a balking horse for nearly half an hour, in vain. Then the owner, who had raised the animal from a colt, arrived. After dismissing the driver, he talked in low, kind tones to the horse, patted him affectionately on the neck, then took the lines. Very quietly, he said, "Get up, 'Spruce.'" And the horse obeyed perfectly. No physical force is equal to the strength of gentleness.

Horse Sense

The old story that horses are unmanageable in a fire and when led from a burning stable will race back into it in an insane panic, has had at least one notable exception—that of a California mare only a few weeks ago. It happened at the historical old interior town of Sonora. A barn packed with dry hay at the packing-house of Wolfing Company caught fire and in a few minutes was a raging inferno. Inside was a mare and her colt. She gave shrill alarm and then backed up to the door and kicked it into splinters. When fire fighters arrived she was standing at a safe distance with her colt, watching the fire and still panting with excitement.

FRANK H. CROSS

Little Margaret was watching the elephant at the zoo. "What's the long, shaky thing he swings around in front of him?" she wanted to know.

"That's the trunk," explained her father.

"Then I suppose that little one behind him is his suitcase."

To a Returned Tabby Cat

CLARA E. PUTNAM

*Tabby, with the tranquil eyes,
All-perceiving, wholly wise,
Will you tell me why you stay,
Why you will not "give away?"
We have only crusts to share;
Often is our cupboard bare;
There is never food for you
And your hungry infants, too.
Farmer Brown is kind to cats;
Gives them gentle, loving pats,
Bowls of milk that foam with cream,
All the goodies you could dream,
And he asks for board and housing
Just a little earnest mousing.
Tell me, tell me, Tabby Gray,
Why you will not "give away,"
Why you left your babies there
Just as if you didn't care,
Tramping miles, an unknown track,
Foolish kitty, to come back?
Why you purr against our feet
As if home were sweet—so sweet!
I can see in future days
Through your soft, seductive ways,
Little kittens by the score—
More and more and more and more—
Every one a Tabby cat
Multiplying just like that,
While our pocket books grow lighter
And we pull our belts the tighter!
Kitty, Kitty, tell me, pray,
Why you will not "give away."*

Adopted—One Traveling Cat

JEANETTE NOURLAND

FROM the first day of his arrival, "Old-Timer" seemed to know that I understand and speak cat-language. From the back-yard fence he proceeded to put up a fine argument as to just why I should adopt him, but lest I love him and lose him, I resisted all his alluring wiles.

After several weeks of this one-sided affair, Old Timer won. And all over a ripe tomato! Through the kitchen screen he watched the preparation of a salad. All went well until I began to peel the tomato—then the yowling started—"Meow! I like tomatoes! I insist that you share that tomato with me! Meow!"

Laughingly, I offered a dainty slice—when lo! it disappeared. Another followed, then another until the entire tomato had been consumed. Then a great sigh of satisfaction and a big face-washing.

All my resolutions not to adopt another cat had suddenly melted away. Old-Timer had won! He now shares all my salads and has taken possession of the easiest chair. He is a silver Maltese with a streamline body, long, lithe and lanky but solid and heavy. It is quite obvious that he is "getting along in years." His hearing is none too good and his teeth are not what they once were, but he's a grand old wag! A wonderful disposition, is never destructive, never annoys except by his incessant loving and rubbing against me so hard he almost upsets me at times. Yesterday, he chased a stray mongrel out of the flower-bed, so evidently I have also adopted a watchdog in disguise!



"CHIRPS" AND "BLUE," PETS OF PRISON CONVICTS

A True Shepherd

L. P. SPENCER

AS the shepherds of old watched over their flocks with loving care, so a German shepherd dog is watching over his charge.

Under a pile of lumber in the yards of the American Walnut Co., Kansas City, Kansas, the shepherd dog has dug a hole for his home. Into this he has brought a mongrel blind dog. But he did not stop when he had provided his afflicted friend with a shelter and protection.

Many trips are made daily to furnish enough food for this strange household, but the shepherd does not shirk, nor does he eat without sharing his find. He places the bones, or whatever he has to offer, in front of his companion. Any surplus is buried for a "rainy day."

Frequently the two dogs wander away from the home, of course always together, with the shepherd just a little in the lead so that the other can follow his scent. The shepherd carefully shoulders the other away from any danger and seemingly stands guard when strangers are about.

If water is not available at the lumber yard the two make their way to the nearby Kaw river, where the shepherd stands by until the blind dog has had his fill. Then home again to safety.

One almost feels that the shepherd dog with his consideration of another's troubles has been able to understand the human plea of today: "Help the less fortunate."

Trapped Bear Trapper

A dispatch from Seattle, Washington, states that Jasper Bunch knows now how the bear feels. He stepped into his own bear trap and spent the frosty night in its steel jaws. Next morning his yells attracted ranch hands a mile and a half away.

Be ashamed to die until you have achieved some victory for humanity.

HORACE MANN

Unusual Prison Pets

J. L. CONSIDINE

A MOST unusual friendship is that existing between "Chirps," a wild linnet hatched at Folsom State Prison, California, and "Blue," the pet cat of the convicts.

Unusual too is the fact that Blue is a pet. Convicts as a rule, prefer other pets. This prejudice has become a tradition at Folsom Prison during the eighty years of its existence. It has been alleged that convicts have an instinctive antipathy to cats. Witnesses to that effect instance the use of the term "cat"—sometimes "gay cat"—to characterize police informers and other criminals anathema to their class. And the Folsom convicts are a hardened lot, that prison being reserved for second-termers who have shown signs of incorrigibility.

Blue, who has charmed the felons of Folsom out of their hostility to his kind, was born in a corner of the Folsom Prison photography and print shop. One biographer hints that his name is due to the fact that his sponsors were feeling depressed at the time it was conferred.

Chirps was hatched in a rude nest among the rocks of the prison quarry. His mother absconded, leaving the egg which contained him behind her. This abandonment aroused the sympathy of the prisoners. They christened the baby "Chirps" and raised him tenderly.

Between baby bird and baby cat, it was a case of love at sight. The friendship then formed has never been broken. They live together, eat and sleep together. Chirps now takes its daily nap perched on Blue's head. Frequently it rests on Blue's claws.

Warden Court Smith takes charge of the pair and their food comes from his table.

Blue's popularity with the convicts is the more remarkable, considering that he is a descendant of "Rusty," a veteran cat, employed as a detective by the guards to catch convicts who purloin tidbits from the kitchens. When Rusty takes up a position in front of a convict's cell and begins to mew, the guards know there is contraband inside.

Animals in Traffic

FROM a former supervisor in the public schools of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, comes this interesting anecdote:

For a number of years I have been an interested reader of *Our Dumb Animals* and am sending you an incident I noted recently.

Dog intelligence in an unusual and remarkable degree was witnessed the other day as I was driving to the city.

Nearing cross streets where traffic is always heavy, my companion and I noticed two dogs, one large and one small, on the sidewalk, presumably watching for a chance to cross the street. We slowed up our car to await the outcome. Three to four minutes passed until the way was clear and the two dogs, side by side, perhaps the smaller one a little ahead of the larger, made a safe crossing. As quick as a flash the larger dog returned to the other side again and, turning to see that his little comrade was proceeding in safety, went proudly on his way.

Very truly yours,
MARIE E. KAUFMANN

And from a correspondent in Franklin, Massachusetts, comes this display of feline intelligence:

One Sunday night, recently, as my husband and I were returning from our usual afternoon's ride, we were stopped in front of a safety zone in North Attleboro by a red light.

As the car glided to a stop, my eyes were attracted to a cat whose manner plainly showed that she had been waiting for the signal, just like any human pedestrian. Traffic was heavy—a long line of waiting cars on either side—but pussy walked through that safety zone with all the confidence and poise of an experienced traveler.

When the cat reached the spot where the light fell fully upon her, I saw, to my surprise, that she was followed by a tiny kitten, marked exactly like her mother. I thought, "What a fortunate little animal to be able to cross a busy city street at night, secure and serene in her mother's devotion and wisdom."

As the light changed to green and the car gained momentum, I glanced back to see them standing in front of a "diner," with an admiring group of people looking down upon them. I remarked that the cat probably lived there, to which my husband replied, "Either that, or she is taking her kitten out to Sunday night supper." He said it in all seriousness, out of respect to her intelligence, but I couldn't help being a little amused at the thought.

So many times the pleasure of motor-trips is spoiled by the sight of dead animals in the streets; and the number seems ever increasing. For once, I found it very comforting to fall asleep, pleasantly pondering on the mental picture of wise mother-cat and her youthful progeny.

Laura Raymond Strickland

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

Sunrise

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*In the early dawn I drive
My cattle out to graze;
Veils float on the valley,
On mountain hangs a haze.*

*As unreal as a dream they go
Up the misty lane,
"Rose" and "Buttercup" and "Sal,"
"Daisy," "Star" and "Jane."*

*"Gypsy" who will always stray,
"Bossy" who is old . . .
When the sudden sun comes out
They are painted gold.*

*Golden cattle bend their heads
To crop the golden grass;
(Sunlight on the pasture pond
Shines like burnished brass.)*

*"Rose" and "Buttercup" and "Sal" . . .
I lose them one by one,
They are not my patient cows
But creatures of the sun!*

The telegraph-editor of a Denver newspaper complained to a country correspondent who omitted names in his stories. He wrote the man that if he neglected this essential detail in his next yarn he would be discharged.

A few days later the editor got this dispatch:

"Como, Colorado, September 8—A severe storm passed over this section this afternoon and lightning struck a barbed-wire fence on the ranch of Henry Wilson, killing three cows—their names being Jessie, Bossie, and Buttercup."—*Kansas City Star*

There is one good thing about a dog—he always acts like a dog. He is not a hypocrite and does not make a lot of pretenses that he is better than he really is.

—*Los Angeles Times*

I am flattered by my dog's loyalty, but kept humble by his intelligence.

C. W. BOND

A Great New England Cow

ALFRED ELDEN

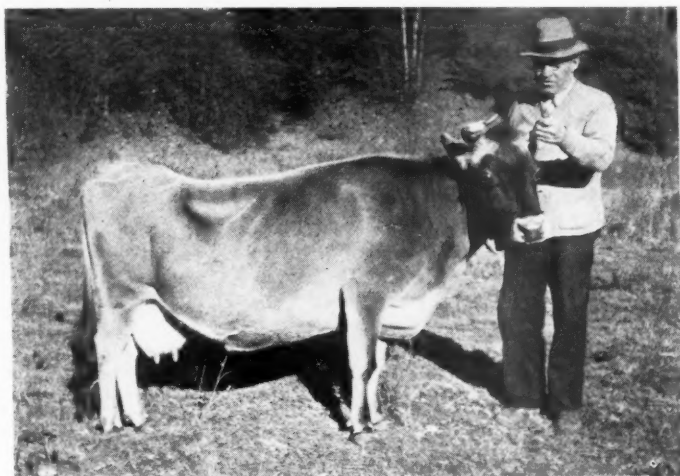
A Maine State humane agent, Charles H. Green, living at Durham, has a splendid piece of property, nearly 100 acres, where his livestock fairly revel in the verdant fields and fragrant forests. A clear spring-fed brook that teems with trout in summer winds through the broad acres. Both Mr. and Mrs. Green love animals of all kinds. They have cows, pigs, hens, ducks, cats and dogs.

But the pet of them all is "Darling Cow," and that is actually the little Jersey's name. This cow is 28 years old, the oldest, Mr. Green believes, in all New England if not in a wider territory. He bought her for \$45 back in 1916 when she was eight years old. She has been a wonderful milker and for several summers, when she was moved to Orrs Island, furnished milk for 25 boarders at a small summer hotel as well as for the family. Besides that, twelve quarts a day were sold. This sounds like a big story, but Mr. Green vouches for it.

Several times offers of \$150 were refused. The cow had one calf a year every year up to last spring. Now Mr. Green is trying to dry her up and let her spend the remainder of her days in comfort. Speaking of "Darling Cow" he says: "She has indeed been a blessing to us and she loves us all, even all my other livestock. She is indeed one of the family and she was a great help during the time we were learning to wrest a living from the land. She has greatly enriched us with milk, cream, butter and cheese, and when she does leave us she will take a lot of love with her."

The true appreciation of cows is withheld from babes and reserved for our maturity. As we grow to ripeness and reflectiveness it also grows . . . We cease regarding cows as mere objects of use or furniture. One sees them grazing wide in open pastures, motionless except for their flickering tails; in pools, under the chequering shade and sunlight; crawling back in the evening down the lane—and who would do without them?

ARTHUR McDOWALL



CHARLES H. GREEN AND "DARLING COW," BELIEVED TO BE THE OLDEST COW IN NEW ENGLAND

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

More Than One Thousand New Bands

One thousand and twenty new Bands of Mercy were reported during November. Of these 262 were in Georgia; 249 in Texas; 186 in Massachusetts; 139 in New York; 51 in Virginia; 47 in Florida; 29 in Pennsylvania; 24 in Illinois; 11 in Lebanon; 9 in Tennessee; 4 in Syria; 3 each in Palestine and Transjordan; two in District of Columbia; and one in North Dakota.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 212,740

The New Year

CARROLL VAN COURT

A Suggested Good Resolution for all Owners of Pets to Adopt

*Let the New Year
Be a true year,
With your slate all bright and clean;
Let your mission
And ambition
Be to practise nothing mean.*

*In the daytime
Keep your playtime
Full of healthful, honest fun;
Let the night time
Be the right time,
With no harsh injustice done*

*Be a brother
To each other,
When some fellow's in distress;
Then your record
Won't be checkered
With the stain of selfishness.*

Proud

The Rev. P. L. Spooner, B. D., kindly sends me the tale of the two parsons who were having lunch at a farm during the progress of certain anniversary celebrations connected with the local Nonconformist church. The farmer's wife cooked a couple of chickens, saying that the family could dine on the remains after the visitors had gone. But the hungry parsons wolfed the chickens bare.

Later the farmer was conducting his guests round the farm, when an old rooster commenced to crow *ad lib*. "Seems mighty proud of himself," said one of the guests. "No wonder," growled the farmer, "he's got two sons in the ministry."

—Sporting and Dramatic News

Home Life of the Waxwings

JULIA K. BYINGTON

A YEAR ago it would have seemed incredible that we could find more enjoyment than we derived from watching cedar waxwings build their nest. But this last summer we had even more fun, because the nest was so located that we watched their daily life. Let me tell you about it.

The waxwings are beautiful birds, gowned in harmonizing shades of brown, made



BABY WAXWING LOOKING FOR FOOD

vivid by bright, wax-like spots on the wings. Just to have them in our yard was a pleasure. As soon as it became apparent that a pair of these amiable lovers was setting up housekeeping, we played the part of the Good Samaritan by providing long lengths of string to aid in the building. Immediately the waxwings precluded our intention of retiring to a discreet distance to watch the ensuing activity, by seizing the desirable booty almost from our very hands, and flying away with it triumphantly to the spot chosen for the new home. After a time, just as we did last year, we offered colored strings in shades of red, yellow, and green. But wise that they were, the waxwings had no desire to attract attention to their little home by furnishing it in a riot of color. Stubbornly they refused to take the bright-colored building material.

To our delight the nest was built in a small lilac bush, just outside our neighbor's bedroom window. From our reserved seats in her room, we could look directly into the nest, see the eggs first of all, and eventually watch the four homely, naked waxwing children develop into four very pretty small birds. While they could lay no claim to a beauty commensurate with that of their solicitous parents, there were signs of a future loveliness; on the tips of the secondary wing feathers were the tiny, wax-like drops of red, and the stub of a tail boasted a yellow edge.

Parent birds with which we were fa-

miliar, approached the nestful of young with food readily visible in their bills. Not so with the cedar waxwings. The food was carried in their distended throats, a generous portion for each small bird. Naturally a nest which seemed too small for even four newly-hatched birds, appeared entirely inadequate when four hungry, half-grown babies simultaneously stretched to their full height with greedy mouths agape for the expected dinner. Fortunately Mother Nature had provided them with a firm hold to prevent accidental falling in the height of their enthusiasm.

When the babies left the nest, one undersized weakling could not fly. He fluttered to the ground, where we heard him lisping plaintively. He made no objection to posing for his picture, perched on my market basket or on the hand of our young daughter. In fact his one interest was in food. A hand extended in his direction caused him to open his bill its widest, in the hopes of a choice morsel. On the limb of a tree, where we guarded him zealously from possible marauders, the parent waxwings fed him until he was strong enough to fly. Although one chief source of food was our raspberry patch, with its luscious red berries, we did not begrudge the fruit. We had spied on the domestic life of the waxwings for our own enjoyment!

Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Sing a Song of Sunshine

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

*Sing a song of sunshine,
Sing a song of cheer,
For all the friends together
Who welcome the New Year!*

*Boys and girls at study,
Boys and girls at play,
Are each a whole year older
Than on last New Year's Day.*

*Each a glad year older,
Each more strong and wise
To help the friends in feathers,
The friends in furry guise.*

*How they welcome kindness!
How they need our care!
Oh, what a rich repayment—
Their love and trust to share!*

*So sing a song of sunshine
Made by hearts of gold,
All pledged to scatter sunshine
Until the Year is old.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Bedtime

GWENNIE JAMES

*It's bedtime for the sleepy Year
After a busy day;
By twos and threes, his feathered guests
Have fluttered on their way.*

*He puts the little flower-lights out,
And then, without a sound,
He lights a shining winter's moon
And makes his evening round.*

*When all is peaceful for the night
He climbs the stair to bed,
And pulls the snowy blankets up
About his drowsy head.*

*And now the year is fast asleep;
His house is white and dim;
Let wintry winds blow loud and cold,
For there's no waking him!*

*But when the time says March-o'-clock
With wild geese chiming shrill,
The year will spring awake, and don
A rope of daffodil!*

"Bessie," the Valiant

LAURA RAYMOND STRICKLAND

A friend of mine, returning from her summer's vacation, said to me, "You would love my sister's dog; she is the most intelligent animal I ever saw." This is her story:

"Bessie," a two-year-old Scotch shepherd, lives on the farm of Frank Oulton, Cumberland Center, Maine. Not far from her home lies a deep and dangerous gravel-pit.

Browning, four-year-old youngster of the family, had been warned many times to keep away from the pit, but one morning, men working at the farther end were alarmed at the sudden attack, as they thought, of a black and white dog who jumped at them in frantic fury, barking excitedly. However, as soon as the dog saw she had their attention she darted back to the other end. Now the men began to put two and two together. They remembered seeing a little boy standing there, some time before, and calling to him to go away.

Hurrying after the dog as fast as trembling knees would permit, they discovered the sliding gravel had carried Browning down the steep incline and was rapidly covering him. Bessie was already there — she was quiet now — digging desperately.

The sight of the plucky dog, working so efficiently to keep the gravel from the boy's face, spurred the men into action. Soon Browning, minus a lot of buttons and plus a lot of gravel, was on his way home to mother!

At first, Browning, knowing that he had disobeyed, had nothing to say, but some time later, when being put to bed, he suddenly burst out, "Muvver, Bessie barked awful and scratched gravel like anything!"

Perhaps, sub-consciously, he realized that in fairness to his faithful friend, her part, at least, deserved telling.

My friend concluded by saying, "The folks have always loved Bessie but you can imagine how they feel toward her now."



MURIEL LA VON GOODSPEED, SALT LAKE CITY,
UTAH, AND HER PET LAMB

Hidden Animals

ALFRED I. TOOKE

In each of the following sentences an animal is hidden. See if you can find them all.

1. We went for a picnic in a car I bought.
2. When Jim upset the pan the roast fell in the fire.
3. He had just returned from Africa, and told us a legend about some Matabele phantoms.
4. In North Africa a dog owned by an Arab bit a hole in Jim's bag, and ate all his bacon.
5. The Arab apologized and offered to pay Jim cash or send him more bacon.
6. Jim says that Arab is one of the most honest persons he has met.
7. He gave Jim a trick box that must be a very cleverly made one.
8. We could not open it, but a tap on the mantel opened it for Jim.
9. In that strange country, Jim found the friendly Arab a boon and a blessing.

Answers to missing "Animal Words" puzzle last month: Pig, turtle, steer, donkey, frogs, wolf, bear, cow, goat, ferret, dog, monkey, hog.

Annual Auxiliary Fair

ANOTHER bazaar of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, was held at Hotel Vendome, Boston, all day Wednesday, December 11 last, when this enthusiastic and hard working group staged one of the best exhibitions they have yet attempted.

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president, was general chairman of the Fair. Presiding at the sales tables were: White Elephant: Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman, Miss Effie Lynch and Mrs. Sarah Baker; Candy: Mrs. Charles Rowley, chairman, Miss Alice Rowley and Mrs. Esmond Rowley; Flower: Mrs. Frances G. Carreiro, chairman, Mrs. G. Hillman, Mrs. Edward K. Bennett and Mrs. Albert T. Galpin; Miscellaneous: Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, chairman, Miss Wealthie Strauss and Mrs. Christine N. Walker; Food: Mrs. H. E. Prescott, chairman, Mrs. George Heller, Mrs. W. W. Haswell and Mrs. Laura A. Fisher. The luncheon was served under the direction of Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt, chairman, Mrs. Mitchell Allen and Mrs. Willard C. Bliss.

The afternoon bridge was in charge of Mrs. Edward C. Brown, chairman, assisted by Mrs. John A. Jennings, Mrs. Ethel H. Fayerweather, Mrs. John A. Dykeman, Mrs. S. S. Sutcliffe, Mrs. Francis G. Carreiro, Mrs. L. J. Carter and Mrs. Edwin P. Rich. Mrs. Milton Grossman, Miss Sylvia Vigneau and Mrs. George Benton conducted the grabs.

The Fashion Show, an afternoon feature, was held under the direction of Mrs. Mrs. George A. Ramlose, chairman, Mrs. John Jennings, Mrs. Frank Towne, Mrs. F. Hilliard Young, Mrs. Fred B. Griffith, Mrs. Edward K. Bennett and Mrs. S. E. Hillman.

Several Boston firms participated in the exhibition, the models including the following from this season's debutantes: Misses Sally Scudder, Betty Ware, Louise English, Helen Lang, Mary Tyler and Maryanna Morrill; also Mrs. Franklin Tulloch, Mrs. Fred B. Griffith, Miss Sylvia Raffae, Miss Barbara Stetson and Miss Jane Greene. Miss Annice Frink, style editor of the *Boston American* assisted in the presentations. The music was by the Nina Spaulding Trio.

The Auxiliary wishes to extend, through the columns of *Our Dumb Animals*, its grateful appreciation to all who contributed to the success of the Fair, either by gifts or by services.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

A Number of Things

Extracts from an article by CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

IF there is one thing I despise, detest, abominate and abhor it is an exhibition of trained animals. When elephants, in all their strange dignity, are brought out and forced to move about a stage to the snapping of a whip, each holding the tail of the one in front of him with his trunk, something happens to me. . .

Lions and tigers, forming a pyramid, only fill me with dismay. . .

Sea-lions, flapping their way to seesaws, balancing balloons on their noses, twirling in rhythmical circles, uttering nervous cries, fail to move me with anything but pity for their slavish antics. The reward of a fish for their trouble only seems an insult to their vast intelligence. . .

I have seen baboons that knew more than their trainers. Dressed up in human attire, in a *de rigueur* suit, leaping through hoops of fire and flimsy paper, they have seemed ashamed of the travesty. They have been taught the most unnecessary tricks. They do everything but talk and smile. . .

A monkey wasn't meant to jump rope, to put a napkin under his chin, to drink something that looks like a bottle of beer and pretend that he is intoxicated. . .

I think too much of all animals to see them made the lackeys of mankind in such a ridiculous way. . .

A lonely eagle in a cage is not an inspiring sight. Zoos, it is contended, are educative places; but couldn't as much be learned of wild animals through picture books and encyclopedias?

Old Farmer's Almanac

We are indebted to the publishers, Little Brown & Company, successors to the late Carroll J. Swan, for a copy of the one hundred and forty-fourth edition of the famous *Farmer's Almanac*, a book of 120 pages. It contains a mass of information, with two pages devoted to the calendar of each month, and a great variety of general matter from a personal letter of good wishes from President Roosevelt and an informing article on "The Presidential Outlook—1936", by Robert Lincoln O'Brien, down to selections of light verse and jokes. In addition to game and fish laws of all the New England states, it includes two poems, "Muskrat" and "Ode to a Cow," that should be of interest to our readers. The price is 15 cents everywhere.

A Forest Picture

FLORENCE FAZIO

SURELY "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," but in the case of the little doe I saw drinking water at Sunset Lake its beauty and loveliness did not have a chance to "increase with age," for something happened which stopped the graceful swiftness of the young animal's leap.

But, first, to get a picture of the scene as I saw it: It was that time of day when the sun's heat and the evening's breezes meet; a soft shadow was hanging over the autumn trees nodding towards the shimmering waters of the lake. Around the edges of the water stood a little company of does refreshing themselves, with drinking. They were all lithe and lovely, but there was one which stood out apart from the rest of the group. Perhaps it was because she was standing quite alone that her beauty and grace seemed more discernible. Whatever the reason, however, that lone creature was like a perfect thing of God come down to the water's edge to mirror her loveliness. With her head poised gently over the water, she drank deeply. Raising her head, she looked up at the setting sun as if she, too, were aware of the enchanting moment.

And then, before the child-like expression on the sweet face disappeared, a shot drilled through the stillness and lodged itself in the doe's head. The sound and reaction was so almost simultaneous that for a moment my senses failed to make me realize what had happened. The other does had leaped swiftly away at the sound of the hunter's weapon. Self-preservation. Not desertion.

The sun settled behind the clouds, leaving a gray veil, and the evening breezes whipped a chill damp song through the trees. It was beautiful, but this beauty had a sadness in it which could be felt even above the gay ejaculations of the hunters who came to gather their spoils.

Perhaps they did not notice. If they could only have seen that human expression and sensitivity on the doe's face, they could not have fired their guns any more than they could have fired at a child looking up at its mother's face.

Our Dumb Animals

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Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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